Never Too Late

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Never Too Late

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Summary

Without a doubt, the fairies had noticed Timmy slipping more and more, even when nobody else did. So they decided to confront him after so many times of watching him tear himself to pieces. Turns out Cosmo has a secret he's been keeping from Wanda all this time too. Self-harm.

I'm so sorry if this came of too sappy or cheesy... It wasn't my intention, but that seems to be all I'm capable of writing. This story is probably a mess and is written in this certain way and set up to get the* point *across, even if it's not that 'realistic' in your eyes.

They had seen how he had been bullied and humiliated by people at school, was unwanted by his family, and tormented by his babysitter, but had always tried to act like things could be worse for him, which usually didn't help him feel better. They had watched multiple times, as he tore his skin apart, and could never bring themselves to interfere too much, other than to bandage him afterward and clean up the evidence.

Eventually, he began to look pale, and didn't have the energy or motivation for half the stuff he used to. Without a doubt, they noticed him slipping more and more, even when nobody else did.

"I'm worried about Timmy, Cosmo." Wanda expressed her concerns one day.

"But what can do we do? I'm sure he wouldn't accept our advice if we tried. Maybe we should just give him some more time...?" Cosmo reasoned, fidgeting.

"We've *been* giving him time, Cosmo!..." Wanda snapped, frustrated, her tone frightening him.

She folded her arms. "I'm going to knock sense into him the next time he starts up his habit, whether he likes it or not."

She was finally fed up, and was putting her foot down, once at for all. She couldn't stand to see Timmy hurt himself like that anymore. While she should have asked beforehand, she couldn't regret it, she couldn't wait any longer, because one day, Timmy, who was essentially her child,(he was their *godkid*) and dare she say the closest Godchild she had ever had, might cut too deep. It was better now than never to confront him on his actions. It may be late in the ordeal, but it wasn't too late.

Never once had it even been really brought up because the fairies were so taken back by the behavior that they didn't know what to do or how to respond, especially after Timmy had told them to leave him alone when they tried to stop his bleeding the first time. Even though Wanda knew what he was doing wasn't healthy, it took a while for her to connect the dots, for her to realize that it was always in relation with a bad day or when something bad happened to him.

So when Timmy started cutting himself once again nights later, she hesitated, but then forced herself to ask the question hadn't asked up to this point.

"...Sport, if I may ask, why do you keep doing this to yourself?" She asked, desperately wanting to understand. It pained her greatly to see him tear his skin to pieces and it wasn't something she thought she could ever grow used to watching. Timmy looked up at her briefly, but was too fascinated by the blood on his arm.

"It helps me feel better." Timmy said, digging into his arm with the knife in his hand.

Wanda knew she had to be careful and use her words wisely because Timmy could easily just poof her and Cosmo away.

Cosmo was clearly distraught by this whole situation as he always was. He didn't know what to say or how to deal with this at all. How could he deal with Timmy's emotions when he could barely deal with his own when they got so intense? He was a horrible god father to allow this to continue and do nothing? He felt weak. At watching Timmy doing this, he rubbed uncomfortably at his arms, hyperaware of the uneven flesh and scars underneath his sleeves.

"But can't you see? Your... *habit* has been scaring both me and Cosmo lately... This isn't healthy..."

Cosmo, unable to take any more of this...*suffocation*, suddenly spoke up, taking Wanda and Timmy both by a bit of surprise.

"Timmy, you may think this is helping you, but it's *not*. Don't ask me to explain why I know this, but hurting yourself to deal with the things around you won't solve anything. In fact, it will only make everything worse...! You won't be able to wear shorts or T-shirts around others. And the more scars you have, the worse you'll feel later on upon seeing them!"

"Cosmo? How would you know about such a thing?" Wanda inquired, folding her arms, and raising an eye-brow. Cosmo had sounded incredibly worked up, like somebody who had been holding something back for a while.

"Um... n-no reason?" Cosmo stuttered, averting his gaze nervously.

"Cosmo? Did you used to...?" Wanda wanted to know, reaching out to rub his arm, but couldn't bring herself to finish her thought.

Cosmo pulled back, looking guiltier than he had ever looked before, and Wanda couldn't help but feel bad for never having known about this.

"You *cut* yourself?" Timmy was honestly surprised by this. Then again, Cosmo didn't like thinking about things and self-harm had helped *him* avoid thinking and helped distract him and just let go of things, so maybe Cosmo had had the same experience at some point.

"I wish-" The moment those words came out of Timmy's mouth, Cosmo felt betrayed. However, he felt that Wanda, of all people, the woman who had put up with him for years, deserved to know the truth, and thus, decided he would tell them of his own choice.

"Yes, I did." Cosmo admitted, recieving an unreadable look from Wanda. Cosmo hated being the center of attention like this and knew he had no chance of getting out of this. "It was before I met either of you. I was going through a really rough time at school... The kids wouldn't stop picking on me, I kept remembering how my dad ran off thinking I was a failure and my mama was constantly asserting her dominance over my life, so I began to feel like nobody loved me and that nobody cared about what I wanted, because everybody said so. I

felt like a mistake. And I reached a point where I just snapped and began taking my frustration out on myself. And then I met Wanda. For the first time, somebody loved me for me, and accepted me despite all my flaws. But never once have I been able to ignore or forget those scars, Timmy, and I've never felt comfortable showing them to Wanda... They haunt me every day and night. So please, you have to stop this...! Otherwise, you'll regret it even more!" Cosmo couldn't stop the tears from falling out of his eyes. "Let us know what's wrong instead of holding it in! We're your family!"

Wanda was completely speechless and incredibly distraught at this point, even if she was touched that Cosmo had spoke such words of appreciation for her. Still, how had she not known anything about this, even though he was her husband? Had he not trusted her enough to consult her before now on this? She wanted more than anything to talk to him about it right then and there, but she had Timmy to deal with right now. She would talk to Cosmo later.

"Give us the knife, Sport..." Wanda said softly, looking back at her godchild, as she held out a hand. She gave a small smile, trying her best to be patient. Cosmo was glad that Wanda hadn't drudged into his past struggles anymore at the moment, but couldn't help but wonder what she was thinking about it.

Timmy, in uncertainty, looked down at the knife in his hand and the blood covering his leg. He thought about Cosmo's words, and realized he was right. Chester had seen his cuts, and ever since, it had been incredibly awkward between them. He didn't want that to happen with every relationship he came across. He wanted to trust Cosmo and Wanda and open up to them. He wanted more than anything to talk about his feelings, he wanted to hug and apologize to his Godparents for worrying them so much, but he had his pride. He didn't want to be weak. He couldn't bring himself to speak. Tears whelled up in his eyes, wanting to fall.

He looked up at them.

Both Cosmo and Wanda looked at him in hope that he would listen to them, silently pleading for him to let go of the knife.

The child was conflicted at first, but hesitantly reached out and did as asked. And at that moment, everything he had been holding in up to then suddenly came out, and he hugged both of his fairies, tears finally streaming down his face. "I'm so sorry, Cosmo, Wanda."

Cosmo and Wanda briefly glanced at each other, smiling softly.

"Aww, thank you, sweetie, but there's really no need to apologize, as long as you try to let us in from now on." Wanda said, returning the embrace.

"What Wanda said, we love you, Timmy!" Cosmo said, hugging back.

"I love you guys too." Timmy smiled, before pulling away a bit.

"I guess I just got carried away with hating the bad parts of my life that sometimes it's hard to see the good parts of it too." he admitted after a minute, avoiding their gazes. "No matter what I go through, you two are always there for me when it matters the most."

"I know we haven't really been there for you like we should lately, and sometimes, even though we try to comfort you, we may come off a bit insensitive by brushing off your problems so quickly, but we'll try to listen harder to you from now on, okay?" Wanda said with seriousness.

"We're always here for you, sport." Cosmo had a hard time dealing with other people's emotions and strong expression from others in general, but for Timmy, he would force himself to push that aside. It was rare for Cosmo to call Timmy 'sport', but it had slipped out without him thinking. And Timmy, for some reason, laughed a bit at that.

"Thanks, guys. You're the best parents a godchild could ever ask for."

...

After Timmy had went to bed that night, Wanda had began to approach Cosmo, who was curled up in his bed, obviously pretending to sleep.

"Cosmo..."

"Cosmo's asleep right now. Whoops', I mean... *(snore)"*

Wanda couldn't help but smile at this, ever so slightly amused. "Sweetie, I know you're awake."

Cosmo curled in on himself further when he felt his bed weigh down slightly with her weight, as she sat down next to him.

"...What do you want?" He asked.

"I'm really proud of you, Cosmo."

"Really?" He relaxed just a bit to peek over his shoulder in uncertaintly.

"Yes. Talking about that, of all things, was one of the bravest things you've ever done."

Cosmo found himself feeling giddy at Wanda calling him brave.

"But why didn't you ever feel comfortable talking about it with me before now?"

"Because I didn't want you to think any less of me..." Cosmo said, his voice briefly cracking.

"Oh, sweetie. I would never think any less of you."

Cosmo didn't answer the question, and instead asked another. "So you don't hate me?"

"Of course I don't." Wanda said. Seriously, where were these questions coming from. Had somebody told Cosmo that she wouldn't love him anymore if she found out? "I love you."

"If you saw my scars, you'd think I was crazy."

"You *are* crazy, Cosmo, completely bonkers," Wanda took a moment to wrap her hands over his cheeks and give him a light peck on the forehead. "But, sweetie, all the best people are." *(Wooo for Alice in Wonderland reference)*

"You really think so?"

"Mhm..." Wanda nodded. She then decided she needed to confront what was causing her husband so much pain right now. "Can I look at your scars?"

Cosmo was quiet for a second, before pulling away and hiding his face. He couldn't bring himself to speak.

Wanda's chest ached at seeing this. Did he really have that little faith in her? After everything they had been through, and no matter how long they had stayed with each other, Cosmo never really liked telling others, especially her, about his feelings. Did he think he would run her off by doing so or something?

"Cosmo," Wanda spoke, "You're the funniest, most charming, and caring guy I know, even if you don't know how to show it sometimes. Nothing in this world or any other could make me believe that you're not lovable, not even you."

"You say that now, but... But I..."

"Cosmo, dear," Wanda spoke to him softly, rubbing his hair gently. "you can trust me. You know that, right?"

"...You..." Cosmo trailed off hesitantly. "promise you won't be disgusted?"

"I promise."

Cosmo was silent for a moment, before looking back up at her, more tears than ever streaming from his eyes. "Promise me you won't leave me, Wanda."

"Cosmo," Wanda whispered, tilting her head downwards to capture Cosmo's lips softly in her own. The kiss was soft, chaste, but bursting with emotion, as she slowly wiped the tears from his eyes. It's then, as Cosmo closes his eyes in response, he felt just how sure Wanda felt about his body. He sensed it in the subtle movements of her lips, her hot breath, and then the quiet sigh as they parted ways.

Wanda spoke softly into his mouth, "I would never leave you. I promise. No scar, no cut, nothing will ever make me not love you. No matter what anybody else may say, you're more than just an idiot to me. You're more than just a man to me. You're *my* idiot, and my *everything*..."

Her thumb stoked over his cheek, wiping away a single tear that fell. "Just as with Timmy, we're a team, sweetheart. I love you too much to ever want to lose you or let you go. I love you so much, Cosmo."

Finally, Cosmo spoke. "I love you too, Wanda."

"I... um..." he trailed off again briefly, reaching up and squeezing her hand for support. Cosmo was fumbling around nervously, trying to find the words. Wanda was patient as she waited for Cosmo to continue. Finally, after setting his eyes on Wanda's reassuring and gentle one, he verbalized his resolve. "I want you to see."

"Cosmo," Wanda said softly. "I don't want to push you unless this is really what you want, sweetie."

He nodded his head to say, "No, I *do* want you to see them. It's been weighing me down for so long, Wanda, so many *years*, it's been *killing* me."

He gripped Wanda's hand tighter at the confession, fighting away the negativity in the back of his mind.

"Okay, I understand," Wanda nodded, leaning over to peck his lips again. "and I'm here for you."

"Thanks..." Cosmo smiled, softly, blushing nervously, before he began to unbutton he shirt. He could easily poof his shirt off, but for some reason at the moment it felt the most natural to just take it the slow way for once. He felt more secure that way. And Wanda didn't question it. His fingers shook anxiously as he undid each button. Half way down he had to stop for a moment to regain his resolve. He had never shown them to anybody before now, so he was undoubtebly nervous.

"I can do this." He encouraged himself in his mind. Finally, he continued unbuttoning his shirt, and took it off, feeling the cool breeze licking at his bare chest. He heard the barely audible gasp from Wanda and flinched recoiling a bit as weakness began crawling back to him like an old friend. Without a doubt he felt vulnerable. However, he pushed through his insecurities and turned to face her, with his head down and arms hung at his side.

At first, Wanda was shocked. The body sitting before her was scored beyond detail. His entire chest, stomach and arms were littered with scars of various sizes, and even burn marks in some spots. Some of the slightly faded lines curved around his waist and trailed up upon his back, creating angry red slashes into his otherwise beautiful skin. Yet, as she looked at the man she loved, she didn't feel pity, but pride.

"Oh, sweetie." Wanda whispered. Cosmo rose his head a bit, but he didn't respond. His heart beat faster as Wanda's tear-glazed stare beared in to his.

Wanda saw the guilt in his eyes, and didn't want Cosmo to feel vulnerable any longer so she took action. She swallowed lightly before placing her hands on her shirt. "These are more than just scars. They're reminders of what you've been through, and how strong you are. They define who you refused to be, who you refused to let win. But your scars aren't you."

As she reminded him of this, Wanda cupped Cosmo's cheek. Their bodies were inches apart now. "You want to know what you are?"

Cosmo's uncertain gaze spoke the answer for him, as he was completely lost for words. Wanda closed her eyes as she leaned in, pressing a soft kiss to her husband's lips.

"You are my husband, and the man whom I love. You are *beautiful and loving*, Cosmo." She said, kissing a scar on his chest.

"You are funny." a kiss on a scar on his arm.

"You are kind." a kiss on a scar his stomach.

"And you are mine." She smiled softly, pecking him on the cheek, her joke causing him to smirk and blush a bit.

He reached up and wrapped his arms around Wanda's waist, pulling her closer. In the back of their heads, they knew that both of them were a little broken, but they were alive here and now, and they were closer than ever, and would always be there for each other, and, in essence, that was all that mattered. As Cosmo held her closer, he realized just how glad he was that she was there. Wanda understood the gesture without words, gripping his back just as tight. Her fingers dug into Cosmo's skin, as the fairly pulled her into a kiss.

And it was the best one they had ever ever shared. Both of them smiled into it, unable to stop the happy tears from falling.

"I love you, Wanda."

"I know, Cosmo."

Timmy had been having another bad day. Like really bad.

His head was spinning in a million different directions and he couldn't gather his thoughts for anything.

He felt sick to his stomach due to the anxiety.

He was overwhelmed.

He wanted everybody to stop bothering him.

He wanted to *cut*.

And when he was in the bathroom, he did make a few cuts with a knife he had got from the kitchen, but then Wanda's and Cosmo's talk with him from the day before echoed in his head.

As tempting as it was, he felt guilty for turning back to this. He spend several minutes debating on if he should call them up or not.

Finally, he decided to push his pride and hesitation aside to rely on them.

"Cosmo, Wanda," he choked out, tears gathering in his eyes. "I need you guys..."

As if on cue, they poofed into the room. Wanda was a bit worried, but upon seeing that he had only made a few cuts, she was filled with pride for her godchild that he had reached out to her and Cosmo.

"Do you mind if I hold your hands...? I think it will help me calm down." Timmy said awkwardly, averting his gaze, hoping they wouldn't mind. Wanda was a bit surprised at first, along with Cosmo, but then they smiled with fondness and understanding.

"Of course. We're always here for you if you need us, Sport." Wanda said, giving him her hand to hold, as she magically bandaged Timmy's legs and poofed him his pants back.

"And if you want somebody to listen to you talk about your emotions or stuff like that, we'll be here for that too...!" Cosmo said, doing the same as Wanda. Timmy couldn't help laugh at that, with how Cosmo was usually the one who pulled away from emotions.

"Thanks, guys..."

A/N: I'm sorry this is such crap. I hope somebody enjoyed this disaster.

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